

Puck

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AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL.
COWARDLY JURIES ARE THE FIRST CAUSE OF MOB RULE.



PUCK,

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, March 25th, 1891.—No. 733.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WRITING HISTORY day by day is no light work—even for the intelligent men who make our American newspapers for us. It often takes a century or so for those who devote their lives to recording the doings of the world to straighten out the rights and wrongs of such an event as the New Orleans lynching. The newspaper-man who is expected to sum up the moral lessons of the affair at a few hours' or even a few days' notice may well approach his task with diffidence, if not with absolute timidity. Perhaps we might better phrase it the other way—with timidity, if not with diffidence. Timidity is not a characteristic with the American newspaper-man: yet diffidence seems to be almost more difficult to him, if we may judge by the attitude taken by the press of the North and East in commenting on this "Southern affair."

The New York papers, for instance, began by handling the event, editorially, as men handle a package supposed to contain a dynamite bomb, with gingerly distrust. The lynching was reported in the evening papers, but several able and influential journals managed to keep all reference to it out of their editorial columns the next morning; and for several days they paltered with it, in a way which could not but excite suspicion that they were waiting for an indication of popular opinion. One esteemed contemporary ventured to assert that the proceedings of the lynchers were unconstitutional: an assertion which must have proved a happy inspiration, for nobody arose to deny it. Another got out the New Orleans directory and the mercantile register, and gravely set to work to prove that the organizers of the lynching party were neither socially, commercially nor by right of advanced age, in the fore-front of New Orleans society. All of them pointed out the evils of lawlessness and the unadvisability of resorting to physical violence, and on these uncontroverted generalities some of them worked themselves up into a very fine frenzy.

It is easy to condemn any unusual act by reference to generalities that no one disputes. It is difficult to tell where our neighbor's shoe pinches, and how hard it pinches him, especially when our neighbor is hundreds of miles away. How would the editors who spiced their somewhat vague editorials with remarks about "lawlessness," "mobs" and "violence" have written, had a New Orleans man sat at the elbow of each one to remind him of the New Orleans side of the case? For there is, we must remember, a New Orleans side to it; and if we wish to write history, indeed, and not irresponsible gossip, we must look up that side for ourselves, whether or no the New Orleans man is at our elbow to jog us in the interest of justice.

Suppose the New Orleans man had his say. He might address us somewhat after this fashion:

"You New Yorkers live in the greatest and richest city on this continent. You complain a great deal about your city government; but, as a matter of fact, you have the best disciplined and most efficient fire and police departments in the world. Your judiciary system is admirably organized. It has the experience in dealing with novel and perplexing forms of crime which can be acquired only in such an enormous metropolis. And back of all this civic power stand fourteen thousand state militia, the very flower of the National Guard. If a riot breaks out in your city, or if any form of organized lawlessness shows its head, it is crushed out by a governmental mechanism that acts like clock-work, and the vast majority of your citizens know no more of its existence or of its suppression than what you read in your great papers when the danger is all over. In fact, you do not know what fear is. There is no reason why you should."

"But New Orleans is only one-sixth the size of New York; not one-twelfth as rich as your great city. We have no machinery for the preservation of order and the enforcement of the law that is to be compared with yours. In the whole state of Louisiana we could hardly muster fifteen hundred militia-men. Can you not see that our situation is different from yours? When a conspiracy of assassins is established among us, when our Chief of Police is shot down at his own door, and when our courts fail, whether through cowardice or through venality, to punish the murderers

and to protect us from their threatened and imminent devilry—what are we to do? We are law-abiding citizens: but the law must abide by us as we abide by it. If the law fails us; if the courts we have established and supported prove powerless to protect us, shall we leave ourselves, our wives, our children, our property at the mercy of these blood-thirsty conspirators, or shall we call our young men together and send them to do the work that should have been done by the officers of the law?"

It is some such presentation of the case as this that must be made and considered before we can reach a verdict that will stand. We should not too quickly or lightly convict an old, proud and honorable city of brutal lawlessness, cowardly murder and riot. New Orleans is entitled to the benefit of every assumption that we can reasonably make in her favor. We certainly should not assume that because she let armed men take the law in their own hands she surrendered herself to mob rule. It is easy enough to call the New Orleans lynching the work of a mob; yet history may call it not a mob, but "an uprising of the people." These are two things which are one and the same, in fact, and different as evil and good, in truth. The "embattled farmers" were a mob when they "fired the shot heard round the world." There have been many other "mobs" whose aims and achievements made them respectable, even patriotic.

Time will show whether the real mob was the crowd that broke into the Parish Prison or the crowd that shot down Chief Hennessey. It may be—and this is a question of fact, and as such should be decided—that the New Orleans people acted too precipitately. Perhaps their nearness to the danger led them to exaggerate it. But it is more likely that our distance from it leads us to underestimate it. Certainly the comparatively small city threatened by the Mafia can not afford to wait until the big city afar off has made up its mind whether the Mafia is quite as black as it is painted or a shade or two lighter. The man with a mad dog at his throat is the best judge of the intentions and abilities of the animal.

Inter arma silent leges. When military law is proclaimed, the civic law no longer asserts its high authority. But what shall we say of the civic law that lays down its power and leaves the citizen to his own protection, not at the bidding of a supreme military power, but at the threat of a lawless gang of oath-bound assassins? If there is a moral to be drawn from the New Orleans affair, it is not furnished by the three thousand men who, whatever they may have done, believed that they were acting for the community against the enemies of the community; but by the twelve men whose shameless cowardice betrayed the people and disgraced the people's court. It is not likely that the lynchers have acquired a taste for blood and will embark on a career of murder. They have done what they conceived to be their duty, and they will not go to killing for killing's sake. But the mischief worked by that treacherous jury will not end so soon. Those twelve men have disgraced and discredited the entire administration of the criminal law in their city; they have impaired the dignity and efficiency of the courts; they, in very truth, are the fount and origin of all their town's trouble, for it is these men, or their like, whose pusillanimity encourages secret murder and necessitates popular violence. New Orleans can well afford to let her "mob" go unpunished if she will purge her courts of the men who breed a lawlessness far more dangerous, far more ruinous than the lawlessness that lynches at noonday.



CHANGING THE BREED.

"Hello, Hans! What in thunder ails your dog's tail?"

"Vell, you see, I vos makin' a pointer ote dat dog, an' I clips he's tail a leedle, so he can vid it point bedder, ain't id?"

TO RENT—A HEART.



THERE'S A SIGN in the window,
As she flits demurely by;
You can not contradict it,
The window is —
Her eye.

A very charming window,
With a very subtle art
Of disclosing artlessly
The sign, "To Rent —
A Heart."

It also adds, all modestly,
"Kind sir, pray, look about;
The tenant was well suited
Who recently —
Moved out."

Johanna Staats.

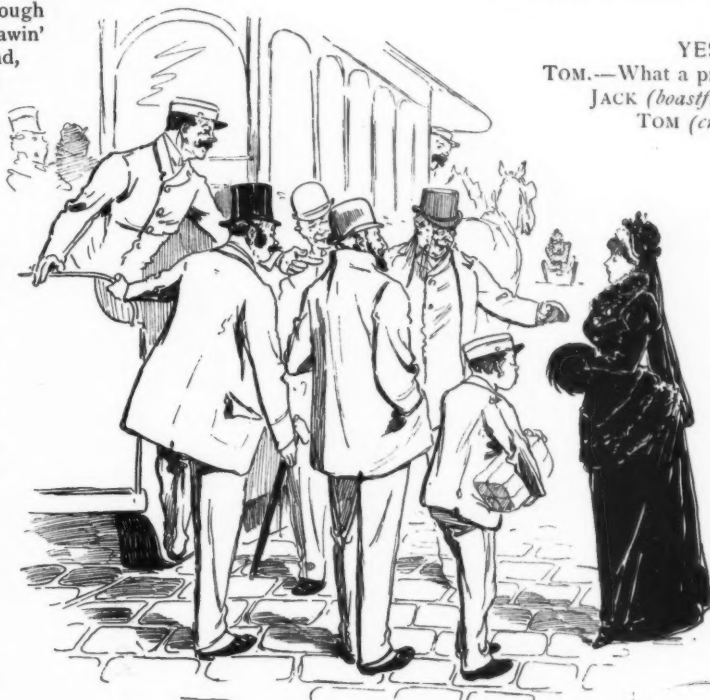
THE HYPNOTIC CONDITION OF BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN.

"The family at me lasht place was addicted to moind-radin'. Which manes, seein' through the hair or the false switch av your nabor roight intil the darkness insoide av an ordhinary shkull, and radin' the contints, if any. In connikshun wid this is hypnotizin', or bein' brought undher conthrol, so that you're no way risponsible fur your akshuns. Havin' witnished, through a crack, the prosadin's in the dhrawin' room, whin Miss Amy wandhered round, hand-in-hand wid her young man, and found any arthicle he had in his moind, and loikeswise pocketed the same, Moike and Oi detarmined also to divart ourselves.

"Accordin'ly, houldin' wan another's hands, quoit innosint loike, we wint oop and down the kitchin, and thin in the dhirikshun av the panthry, and from that to the shpoon bashkit, whin Oi, undher the conthrol av Moike, abshtractid the shpoons and deposhtid thim in his pocket. As bad loock wud have it, the mis-thriss appared on the shpot, and persavin' the handles shtickin' out, she charged us wid pittty larshiny, and wud have taken us to coort, notwidshandin' the ividince that Oi was hypnotized intoirely, if I had n't warned her that Oi'd plade in silf-difinse and fur the idifikashun av the naborhood, the doin's Oi'd witnished in her dhrawin' room.

"So she continted hersilf wid dischargin' me at wanst, widout a shkrap av a character."

M. Bourchier.



A JUSTIFIABLE SUBTERFUGE.

The attractive widow, the crowded car-platform —

FITTING REMARKS.

DORA.—I understand that Nora has given up slang during Lent.

CORA.—Yes; but she is coming out with a beautiful collection to match her Easter suit.

SHE WENT.

AGENT.—How did you like that last servant-girl I sent you?

MR. MORRISON ESSEX.—There was one thing about her that I liked very much.

AGENT.—What was that?

MR. MORRISON ESSEX.—She did n't object to going out of town!

A POINTER FOR POETS.

There's a kind of well-known dialect the poets have overlooked,
Though every other jargon and gibberish they've booked;
It's a lingo with advantages that can not fail to please,
Being simple for the printers, and readable with ease.
The poets who choose this medium will deserve the nation's thanks:
'T is the dialect of deaf-mutes, and is naught but restful blanks.



THEATRICAL NEWS.

MR. HAMLET TICOUNTER (*on the home stretch*).—What are you doing, me boy?

ME BOY.—I'm hidin' eggs an' savin' 'em for Easter.

MR. HAMLET TICOUNTER.—Ah, indeed! What company opens here at Easter?

YES, HE BOUGHT IT.

TOM.—What a pretty rose! Where did you get it?

JACK (*boastfully*).—A lady gave it to me.

TOM (*cruelly*).—A saleslady?

RATHER LOUD, TOO.

"Don't you think his manners are a little loose?"

"Yes; they are made to suit his London suit."

WIFE.—Frank, how do you like the way our new laundry girl does up your collars and cuffs?

FRANK.—Oh, first rate! first rate! She does things up brown!

RAFFLES ARE like horse-races.
The favorites generally win.

OUT ON A FLY—Yes, and out on all other insect pests!



—And the false face.

HYPNOTIC TALES.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

III.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S TALE.*

"YOU DO NOT believe in Spiritualism; I can tell that by your looks," said the apostle of the other world.

"You would be surprised, perhaps, if I were to tell you that it is possible for believers in our faith to raise the dead to life. Nevertheless, when you have heard this story, which I know to be true, you will have no doubt that it is within the power of a true believer to accomplish this apparently impossible feat.

"At this moment, as I go back in memory to the circumstances which I am about to narrate, I am more than ever convinced that the whole story should be written out and given to the world. I shall certainly carry out this idea at once, and very much in the following form."

Then, in a clear, even voice, as if he were reading aloud, the Spiritualist began his tale, quite unconscious of the potent glance of the Scientist:

"Mr. Gettit Easy was one of the most popular and agreeable of the two-score of city people who made the village of Wampum, Conn., their home during the Summer of 1889. Of pleasant manners, with a mind well stored with that sort of learning which constant intercourse with the world alone can give, it is not strange that Mr. Easy succeeded in impressing not only his fellow-boarders, but also the residents of the little village, with his qualities as a man of refinement and high standing. In addition to his other traits of character, Mr. Easy was an avowed Spiritualist, a fact which commended him in the highest degree to the good people of the neighborhood; for, like all the rest of enlightened New England, Wampum boasts of a large proportion of spiritualists among its inhabitants.

"Mr. Easy lingered at the village inn late into the Fall, and, after the departure of his fellow-boarders, cultivated the society of his country neighbors with even greater assiduity than during the Summer months. There is a great deal of wealth represented by the families who dwell in the large substantial wooden houses that line the one broad elm-shaded street that constitutes Wampum Village; and it was with these families that Mr. Easy sought to establish himself on terms of pleasant intimacy. Nearly all these people are spiritualists; some openly professing their belief, others pretending to despise it, yet in their secret hearts believing everything that an intelligent human being should believe in regard to 'warnings' and 'visions,' and the return to earth of the shades of the departed.

"It was to several of these new friends that Mr. Easy one day broached a project which, for some time previous, he had been revolving in his mind.

"'Why not hold one or two spiritualistic revival meetings, now that the days are getting shorter, and the evenings hang heavy on our hands?'

"That was Mr. Easy's suggestion to the wealthy believers of Wampum Village, with whom he now stood on a very friendly footing, and it met with their heartiest approval. Accordingly a series of Wednesday evening spiritualistic meetings was started under the special guidance of Mr. Easy, whose mastery of the mysteries of the craft was universally acknowledged and recognized in the village circles where he maintained his sway.

"The first three or four of the Wednesday evening meetings passed off quietly, and with nothing to mark them as different from other gatherings of their kind; but, at the fifth meeting, Mr. Easy, in accordance with certain mysterious hints which he had thrown out at the previous assemblies, made an announcement which thrilled his hearers to their hearts' cores, and startled the old village from its lethargy of a hundred years. These are some of the words used by Mr. Easy on this memorable occasion:

"'My friends, there are some mockers and scoffers who declare that spiritualism is a fraud, and that we, who conduct these séances and are familiar with the many manifestations whose meaning is perfectly plain to all of us, do these things for purposes of personal gain, and that we do not really believe that which we preach.

"'Now, my hearers, I propose to give the lie to these aspersions, at once and forever, one week from to-day, when I will prove to you, and to the whole community, besides, that miracles can still be accomplished by means of help from the other world. I will prove to you that the miracles of the New Testament can still be performed, for on that day I will go into the cemetery and bring back the dead to life. Yes, my friends, if you will come with me to the cemetery one week from to-day, you will see standing before you in the flesh, clothed, and in their right minds, the loved ones who have passed before you to the better land. You will see your wives, husbands, mothers, fathers and children; and they will come back to live here with you many useful, happy years. So prepare, my friends, to meet them, and remember that by their coming the voice of the scoffer and mocker will be hushed forever.'

"Mr. Easy's words produced a sensation in spiritualistic and other circles in Wampum Village that it is difficult to describe. So great was the esteem in which he was held that no one doubted for a moment his ability to do all that he said he would. There were many who were actually frightened by his words, and declared that they thought when he tried to usurp the prerogative of the Deity that he was going entirely too far, and ought to be stopped by the town authorities.

But then nothing could be done without the aid of the law, and there is nothing in any known statute-book which makes it a felony for a man to raise his friends and relatives from the dead.

"The days wore on, and Mr. Easy busied himself with certain mysterious preparations for the event of Wednesday, wearing at the same time an air of cheerful confidence, which more than confirmed the popular belief that he would accomplish his task.

"He had done it before, on a smaller scale, he declared, and he could do it again. Certain necessary preliminaries involved considerable expense; but he could afford it; and it was his pleasure to spend his money in proving to the world the great truths of spiritualism.

"On Sunday morning, while he was busy sending a message to the spirit land, by means of a piece of chalk fastened between two slates and then dipped in a pail of water, he received a call from a certain Cap'n Israel Larrabee, one of the wealthiest residents of Wampum and a fervent believer in spiritualism, though he had never had the courage to proclaim his faith. Captain Larrabee was one of those men who, by reason of their cowardice, are the very bane of all spiritualistic progress. Unfortunately for our great cause, the Captain was only one out of a large number of timorous, half-avowed believers, and if it had not been for these men—but I am anticipating.

"Mr. Easy welcomed his visitor cordially, and made room for him beside the wood fire by moving the huge table, touching it only with the tips of his fingers, to the other side of the room, and bringing up a big arm-chair in the same easy manner.

"'There's some on us ez 'u'd like tew know what folks you be a-goin' tew bring back tew life this comin' Wednesday,' said the Cap'n, after a preliminary coughing spell.



"I am going to bring back the loved ones of the believers. That will be their reward for their faith in me," replied Mr. Easy.

"Ye hain't a-goin' tew disturb my wife, when she's laid there ten year, be ye?" demanded the Captain, piteously.

"Of course, I am," rejoined the other, warmly. "I will restore her to your arms, and she will comfort you for many a year to come."

The Captain writhed uneasily in his chair, and then went on: "Wa-al, there's 'Lisha Elderkin's wife been dead this two year. Ye see, a spell ago 'Lisha merried Sairey Doolittle, a cousin of hers, an' a gal his wife never could endure the sight on. She hed a pesky temper, I kin tell ye. Be you goin' tew fetch her back ag'in?"

"Certainly, I am. Mr. Elderkin's a good believer, is n't he?"

The Captain said no more, but presently withdrew, leaving Mr. Easy to continue his preparations for the great event of the week.

Late that night, while he was busy producing spirit portraits by Rembrandt and Copley, he heard what he supposed at first was a communication from a dead author who was calling him up by ghostly rappings. But the knocking was on his own door, and it came from the earthly knuckles of Cap'n Larrabee, who was accompanied by old Ephraim Doolittle and young Bill Dyer, whose father, Judge Dyer, had been dead about two years.

It was Mr. Doolittle who opened the conversation, by asking as soon as they were seated: "Mr. Easy, be you a-goin' tew bring them folks back tew life this week?"

"Certainly, I am," replied the spiritualistic expert.

"Is my father comin' back, too?" demanded Bill Dyer anxiously; for he had been making the old man's money fly pretty fast, and had no wish to be stopped short in his fun.

"Your father shall certainly be restored to you," was the reply.

"I s'pose," observed Mr. Doolittle cautiously, "thet if the place gets a mite tew crowded ye could n't fix it so's ter exchange some o' these old critters ez is in the way here? Naouw, fer example, there's my wife's uncle—"

"Stop, Mr. Doolittle," cried Mr. Easy, lifting his hands with horror. "My mission here is to restore the dead to life, and not to destroy the living. I have received my instructions direct from the spirit world, and

must obey them. I have already expended nearly five thousand dollars in preparations for this great undertaking—an undertaking which I supposed would bring joy and gladness to the hearts of all my good friends in Wampum. I find, to my surprise, that my proposition does not awaken the enthusiasm which I hoped it would, and—"

"I'll tell ye what it is, friend Easy," broke in Cap'n Larrabee, suddenly assuming a confidential tone; "what's it wuth tew ye ter skin aout o' taoun ter-morrer mornin' early, an' not hev' no dead raisin' at all? We've been a-talkin' it over amongst aourselves, an', come ter find aout, all on us ez hez been afflicted is resigned to the Divine will, an' don't want no changes made—leastways, not that way. It 'u'd make altogether tew much trouble hevin' some o' them folks back in taoun ag'in; an' ef you 'll name a figger I 'll see what kin be done fer ye."

"Very well," replied Mr. Easy; "I yield to the wishes of my friends, and ask only to be reimbursed for what I have expended. Spirits!" he exclaimed, "how many thousand dollars have I expended in the preparations for this resurrection?"

The answer came back in five distinct knocks.

Mr. Easy turned to his visitors: "You hear the answer, and as true believers you know that the spirits do not lie. Give me back this amount and I will leave the dead undisturbed."

"All right," cried Cap'n Larrabee; "we 'll raise it for you to-morrow."

"And they kept their word."

"Thus it happened, my friends," said the Spiritualist, "that one of the most marvelous manifestations ever conceived of was prevented by the cupidity and meanness of half a dozen villagers."

"But," exclaimed the Representative Business Man, "do you really imagine that he could have brought back the dead to earth? It looks to me very much like a fraud. Yes, sir; very much like fraud."

"Fraud!" cried the Spiritualist angrily; "that's always the way with you scoffers and unbelievers. You won't even credit your own senses, but shriek 'fraud' at the most marvelous of all phenomena. Don't you suppose that a man who could produce paintings done by the old masters in the spirit land, and move dining-tables from one end of the room to the other, could raise people from the dead, if he chose to try?"

"It seems to me he made a pretty good raise from the living," exclaimed the Detective; "and that reminds me—"

"Silence for the Detective's tale!" cried the man of science, fixing his eyes firmly on the officer of the law.



THEY THOUGHT IT WAS ORIGINAL.

PIPKIN.—They tell me Riel is the best teller of fish stories going—that he took the prize offered by the Walton Club.

POTTS.—Yes, it was awarded to him; but he won it on a foul. He told the story of Jonah and the Whale as happening to himself!

NOT A GIFT ENTERPRISE, THERE.

PENELOPE.—There, Uncle, that makes two hundred and seventeen presents. Are n't they lovely!

HER UNCLE.—My dear, I think I now understand why we are told that in heaven there is to be no giving in marriage.

TWO VOICES.

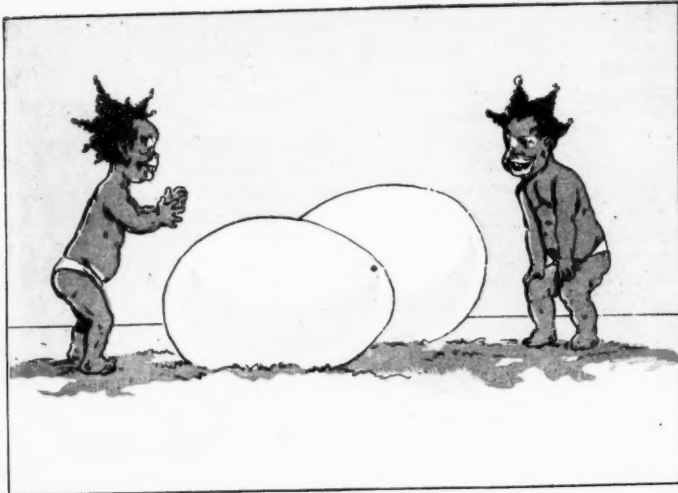


VOICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS.—Eddie, dear, are n't you going to get up? It's getting late.
EDDIE.—Yes'm.

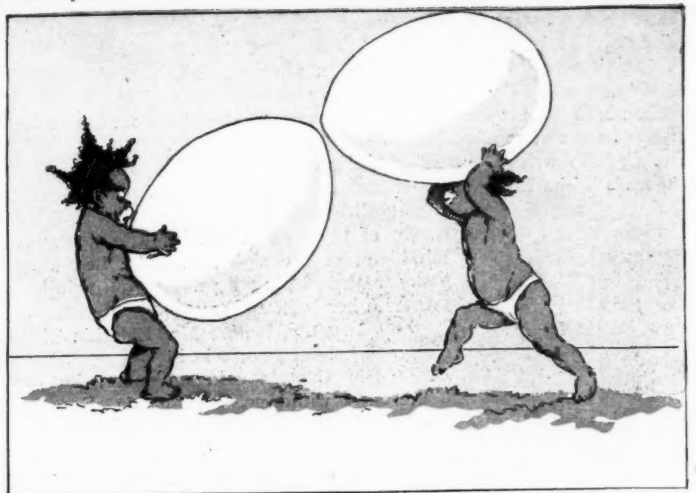


ANOTHER VOICE (five minutes later).—EDWARD!
EDWARD.—Yes, sir!

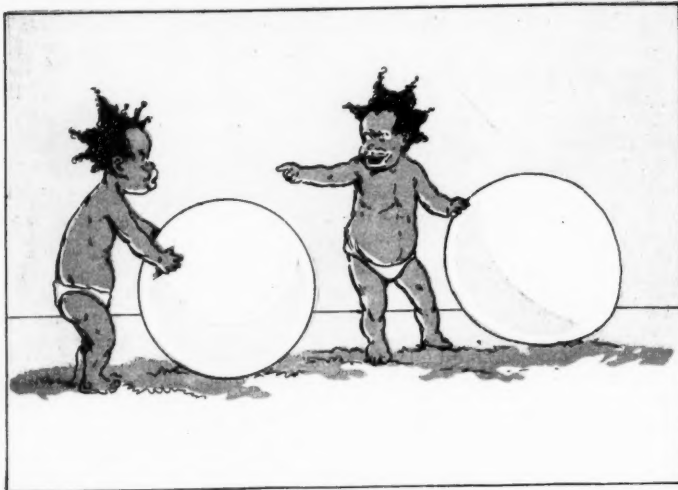
A BAD BREAK.
Easter Sports in Darkest Africa.



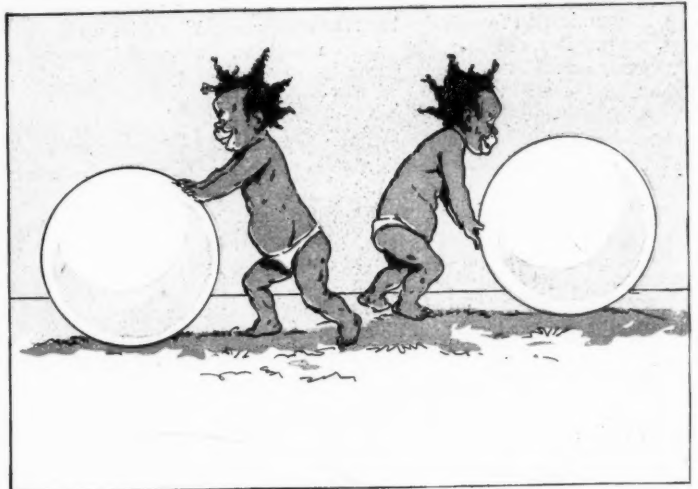
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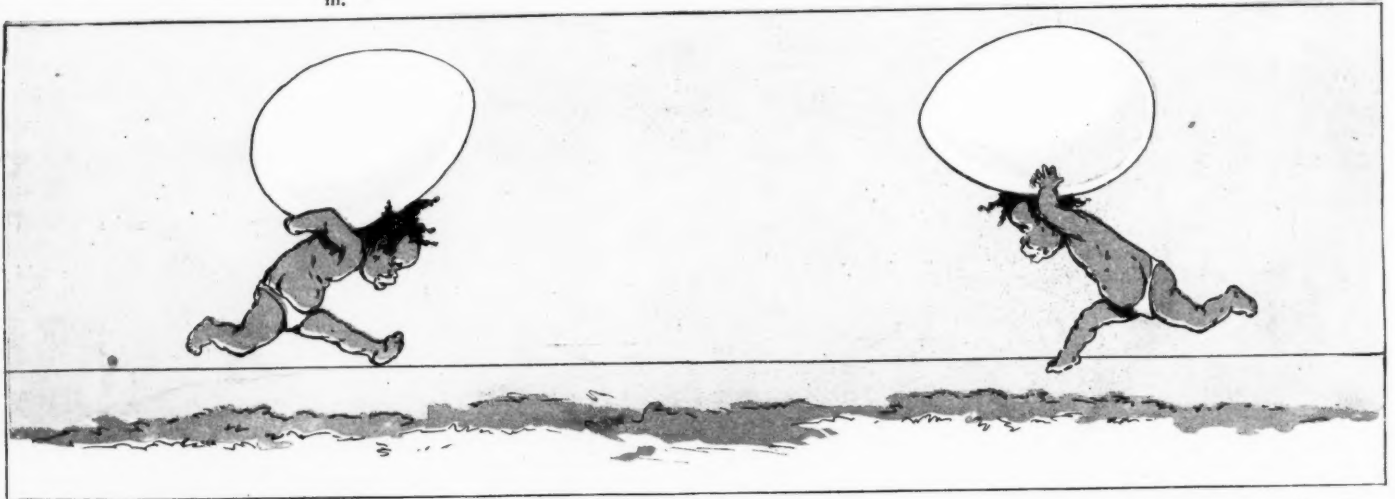
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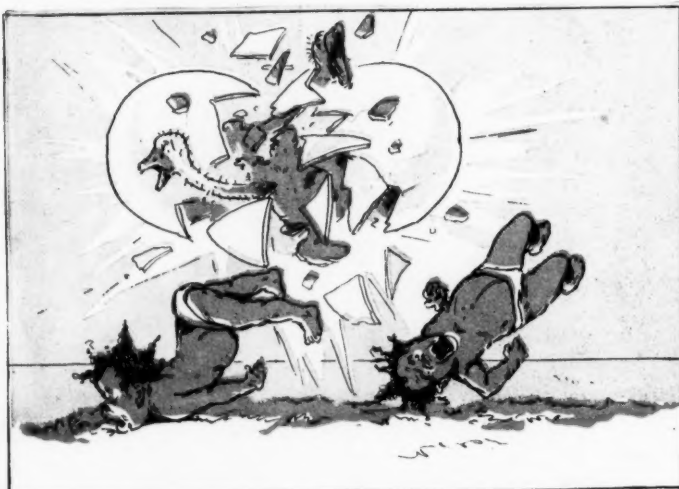
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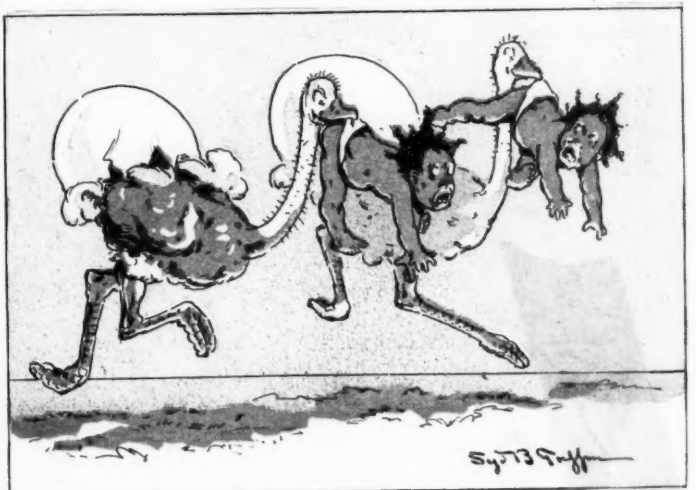
IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



ON THE IMPROVE.

FOND GRANDMOTHER.—Understand Spanish? Speak French and German? What a talented little lady you are, to be sure!

THE LITTLE LADY (*grandly*).—Yes; and my Governess says that after a while I may speak English correctly.

HIS PENANCE.



AT LENT'S BEGINNING, his little wife,
Abjuring sinning and worldly strife,
Goes in for penance, and day by day,
For his repentance he hears her pray.

A hardened sinner, of earthly bent,
He likes his dinner, straight on, thro' Lent!
Nor songs, nor dances his feelings jar;
He takes his chances with his cigar.

This is the rascal she tries to mend —
Her victim paschal — and in the end
Gets what she prays for. Depend upon it,
The poor man pays for her Easter bonnet.

Madeline S. Bridges.

I TO 400.

PHIL. HOSOFER.—The wisest precept that ever was uttered is "know thyself."

MACGALLUSTER.—Ya-as. I have no doubt; but there's such a thing as being over-exclusive, doncherknow.

A PARADOX.

Love, like no other enterprise,
Only succeeds when you begin it
With bounding pulse and eager eyes,
Yet have completely lost heart in it!

NOT IN HARMONY WITH BURNT CORK.

G. WASHINGTON COON (*purchasing suit of clothes*).—I 'se 'fraid, sah, dat these trousers am 'bout fo' sizes too big fo' me.

COHEN.—But dot was English, mine friend!

G. WASHINGTON COON.—Mebbe, sah; but it 'pears to me dat my complexion don't go very well wif dat Anglo-maniac craze

LAKE ZEPHYRS.

"Where do you suppose the expression 'to blow a man off' originated?"

"Chicago, I fancy!"

THE USUAL SIGNS.

'T is Spring; the hawk in mid-air floats,
And puppy dogs renew their coats;
The Anglo-maniac puts on side
With his new clothes, and thinks he's "wide."

J. H. C.

HOPE.

FAIR SUMMER time is sure to come
With birds and flowers once more,
The mercury again will climb
To ninety-three or four.

We dream of tennis and croquet,
Of boats — and yet, somehow,
These thoughts of Summer do not keep
Our teeth from chattering now.

Cornelia Redmond.

A PORTABLE OVATION.

HARPER.—Somebody told me that Rialto Loeffler was making a big thing out of his comic opera — carries his audience with him every time.

CARPER.—He does. He takes his own orchestra and ushers everywhere.

LENTEN WHISPERINGS.

JESSIE.—Why, your old bonnet is still as good as new!

TESSIE.—Yes, dear; as good as your new one; but not so good as the new one I am getting for Easter.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

KIDDER.—I don't suppose you would take his weight in gold for your new baby, would you?

NUPOP.—N-N-No; I should hardly like to sell out at cost!

A SKIRMISH.

BOYSEN BLUE.—Ah! but that was a bad crowd to be in at the Battle of Gettysburg!

GRAMERCY IRVING.—Yes; they ought to keep toughs out of the cyclorama building.

HE WAS ACQUAINTED WITH HIM.

SHE (*in the picture gallery*).—Art is long.

HE.—But the artist is short.

ANOTHER KIND.

We see them sitting down in front,
Those bald-heads in a row —
The deaf old Deacons who can't hear —
So near the pulpit go!



HOPELESS.

CLIENT.—I want to sue a man who owes me fifty dollars.

LAWYER.—What's your business?

CLIENT.—I am a parlor elocutionist and Shakspearean reciter.

LAWYER.—No use—the jury'd give a verdict against you without leaving their seats.



WHETHER IT COME with the bells a-ringing
Muffled and dull through the falling snows,
Or with the first faint zephyrs bringing
Their Spring-time hints of the lily and rose;
Whether it bringeth a change of clo'es
Or a biting blizzard our bones to search,
One thing certainly each man knows —
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

The gray-headed sinner his psalm is singing,
(As much of the psalm as the old rogue knows,)
By his annual act of devotion clinging
To his pleasant fib that to church he goes.
And even the light club-window beaux
Come down for a day from their plate-glassed perch,
To stand at the portal in ogling rows —
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

What is this miracle, sudden springing
Up in our life of poms and shows?
Is it a conscience sudden stinging,
That corraletth the heedless at Lent's gay close?
Why should the wicked just now disclose
A tardy fear to be left in the lurch?
For it's sure as it's just what you would n't suppose —
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

ENVOY AND ANSWER.

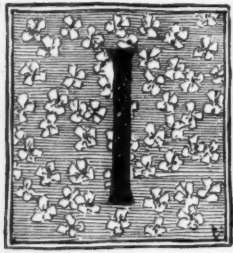
Son, the maid has a face like a rose —
For a fairer the world you shall vainly search —
And an Easter bonnet from Madam Chose —
—why, certainly, of course —
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

A BALLADE OF EASTER

C. J. Taylor



AN EASTER LESSON.



WOULD LIKE for to roll out of the basket;
I would like for to crack myself;
I would like to have my crust smashed up agin the bust
That is standing over there upon the shelf.
Will you kindly please to chuck me in the barrel?
It is about the proper place for me, I think —
I'm an egg that has been dyed purple,
When I'd oughter have been dyed pink!

"If they'd only gone to work and dyed me yaller,
Why, it would n't have been so mean;
Or a pale cerulean blue would have been a pleasing hue,
And I would n't have objected much to green.
Though to any one who's got an ounce of gumption
It's as plain as two-and-two-are-four, I think —
I'm an egg that has been dyed purple
When I'd oughter have been dyed pink.

"Why, pink is just the thing for my complexion,
I'd 'a' been the ovate spheroid of the heap,
With a shrimp-pinky dye, light and pleasing to the eye.
Instead of purple fit to make you creep.
Why, vermilion would have been a sort of pretty;
And I put it to you honest, don't you think
I'm an egg that has been dyed purple,
When I'd oughter have been dyed pink!

"If it only, only, only was n't purple,
Why, it seems to me I would n't really mind;
Though that pink is right for me you can very clearly see
If you ain't a blooming idiot and blind,
Oh, for pity's sake, just chuck me in the dust bin —
My case is clear enough, I rather think —
I'm an egg that has been dyed purple,
When I'd oughter have been dyed pink!"

It was thus I heard an Easter Egg complaining,
In language more expressive than refined,
And I said, "O Egg! to me you simply seem to be
A travesty upon the human kind.
It is even thus they rail at fate and fortune,
And tell how very different they'd have been
If they only had been dyed in some other tint beside
The one the Lord laid out to soak 'em in!"



A KANSAS ELOPEMENT IN THE UPPER CIRCLES.

BILL STEELE.—We're all right, Martha. The old man can't catch us on that "way" cyclone of his line—this is the "limited."



PROPER INDIGNATION.

MRS. DE TONE (*engaging servant*).—I shall expect you to wear a cap and apron.

MISS FLAHERTY (*with sarcasm*).—A cap, is it? Perhaps you would loike me to wear a pipe wid it, too, sure yez would have me look loike me own grandmother.

IN THE CLOAK-ROOM.

REPRESENTATIVE BUSTEM (*in the course of argument*).—If we are not sent here to represent the ideas of our constituents, what are we here for?

REPRESENTATIVE WIREGRASS (*Farmers' Alliance*).—Wa-al, so far as I kin see, I was sent here to represent the views of my wife and the gals!

BITTER, INDEED.

"Wanamaker had a bitter pill to swallow yesterday," remarked Blaine to Rusk.

"Indeed! What was it?"
"Quinine."

SATISFIED.

"There is one thing I like about Governor Hill; he knows when he has got enough."

"Does he?"

"Yes; when he can't get any more."



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.
"Going to the Dogs."

BANKRUPT.

FIRST LEGISLATOR (*gloomily*).—All is lost save honor.

SECOND LEGISLATOR.—And we've had no offer for that.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

CAMERON.—What do you suppose Sir John said when he heard the election news?

WIMAN.—If this be treason, I have made the most of it.

A RIDICULOUS IDEA.

MABEL.—Oh, dear! I've lost my diary.

AMY.—Well, you did n't expect to keep it very long, did you?

THERE WAS no tariff on negros, even before they were put on the free list.

THE GOODY-GOODY LADIES of Philadelphia, who object to the nude in art, should get up a petition requesting that, hereafter, babies shall be born with their clothes on.



Are You Fortified?

Your health is a citadel. The Winter's storms are the coming enemy. You know that this enemy will sit down for five long months outside this citadel, and do its best to break in and destroy. Is this citadel garrisoned and provisioned? The garrison is your constitution. Is it vigorous or depleted? How long can it fight without help? Have you made provision for the garrison by furnishing a supply of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? It restores the flagging energies, increases the resisting powers against disease; **CURES**

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL ANEMIC AND WASTING DISEASES (Especially in CHILDREN),

keeps coughs and colds out, and so enables the constitution to hold the fort of health.

PALATABLE AS MILK.



A State of Siege

How many people there are who regard the coming of Winter as

a constant state

of siege! It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health, and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong.

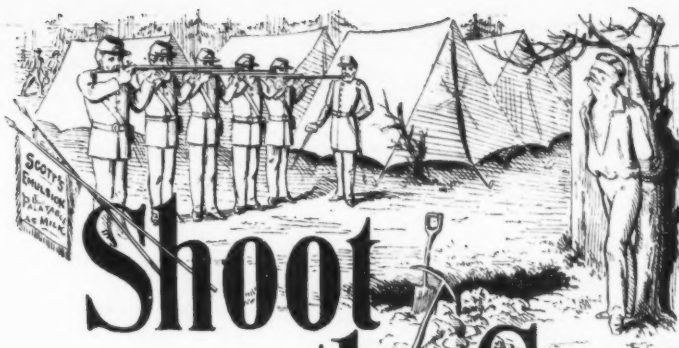
SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out **AGAINST COUGHS, COLDS,**

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and ALL ANEMIC and WASTING DISEASES, until the siege is raised.

IT PREVENTS WASTING IN CHILDREN.

Palatable as Milk.



Shoot the Spy

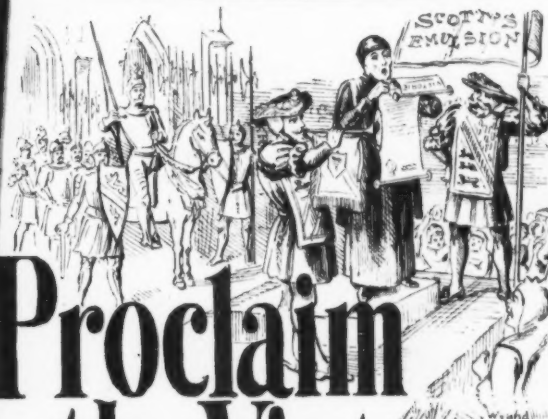
A cough or cold is a spy which has stealthily come inside the lines of health, and is there to discover some vulnerable point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable Winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid this, shoot the spy, kill the cold, using

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and ALL ANEMIC and WASTING DISEASES (SPECIALLY in CHILDREN).

Especially helpful for children to prevent their taking cold. Palatable as Milk.



Proclaim the Victory

Remember last Winter's siege. Recall how trying to health were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to

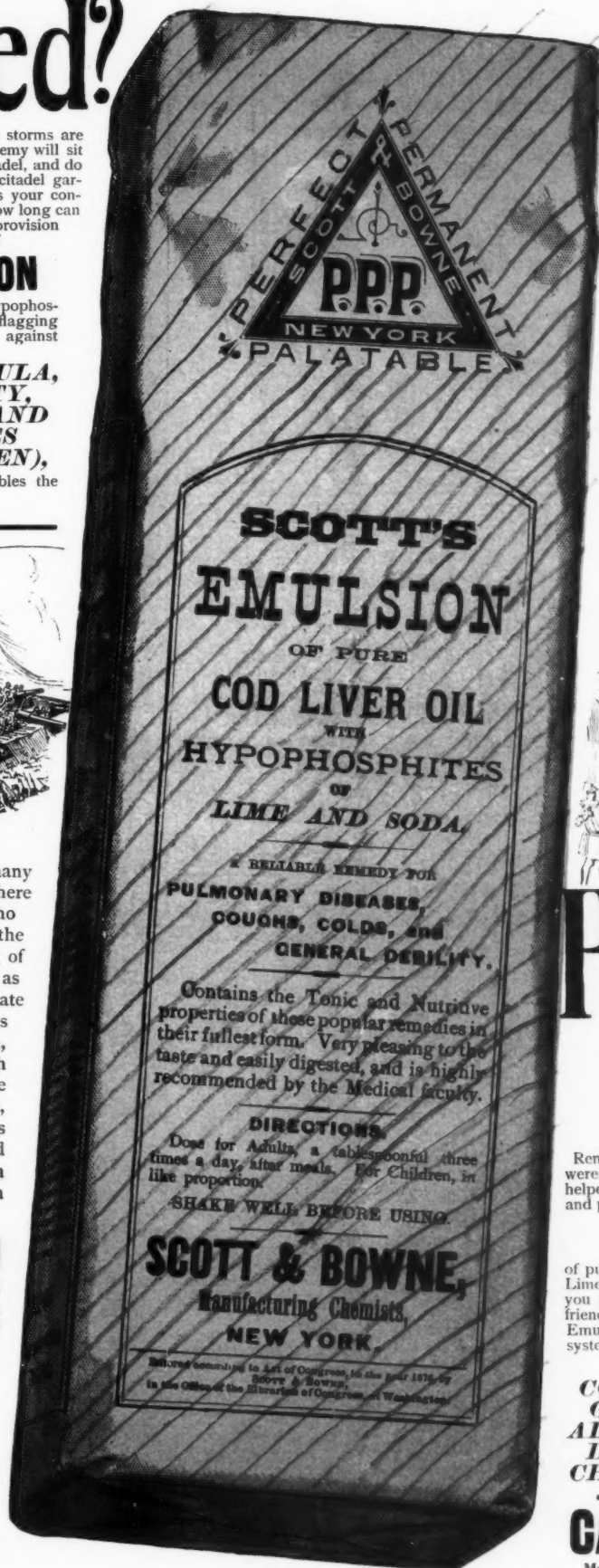
SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this Winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and ALL ANEMIC and WASTING DISEASES (SPECIALLY IN CHILDREN). Palatable as Milk.

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FEATHERSTONE (waiting for RINGWAY to dress).—I see you are improving, old man. A year ago you wore a ready-made tie, and now you tie it yourself. I wonder where you will be next year?
RINGWAY (desperately).—I shall probably be still tying it.—Clothier and Furnisher.

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LITTLE GIRL.—My father, Ma'am!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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TOM.—What of? A Century plant?—*Ex.*

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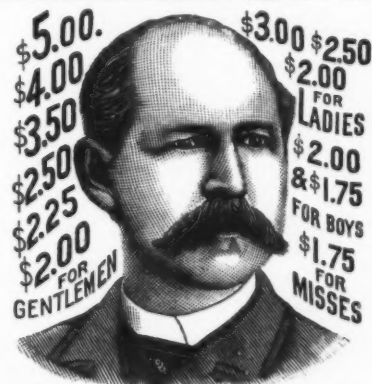
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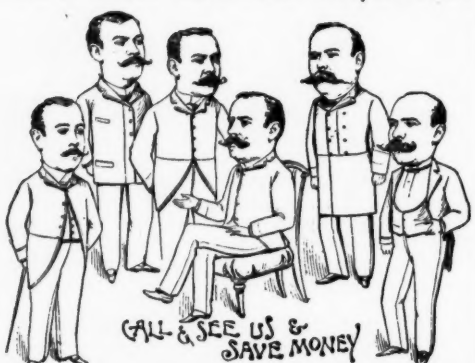
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MISS ANNEX. — Yes, Doctor Sargent says that we must always walk with some object, and I suppose you will answer the purpose.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

AN ORTHODOX SCOFFER.

SHE. — Don't you believe prayer is efficient?

HE. — Not if human agencies have been neglected.

SHE. — I've known prayer to bring rain.

HE. — But was n't there a picnic going on somewhere? — *Kate Field's Washington.*

HIS IDEA OF THE SILVER BILL.

"What party is yo' foah, 'Rastus?'"

"I'se foah de Democrat party."

"Fool nigger, you! Why done yo' j'ine de Republican party? Dey's gwine to gib us all de silber we want, free." — *Harvard Lampoon.*

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P. FITZSIMMONS, 104 West 29th St.

Office of J. M. B. Robinson, 102 East 126th St.
Residence: 685 East 143rd St.

New York, January 31, 1890.
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He has never felt or appeared so well in years, and we feel that his life-long troubles are under control of your wonderful medicine, for which we cannot be too thankful.

Respectfully,

MRS. JENNIE WYN, 225 West 27th St., New York.

Harlem, January 28th, 1890.
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MRS. J. KENNY, 145 East 126th St., N. Y.

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YOUNG SNIGGLES.—Don't you think I stand
a good chance of making my fortune out of that
mine?

OLD SNIGGLES.—Out of it, yes. In it, no.
—The Epoch.

A CAUTIOUS HIBERNIAN.
"Shure, Moike, an' your beard's gettin' that
scraggy, a shave would n't hurt yez a bit."

"Faith, Tim, an' c'u'd yez see me razor, yez
would n't soy thot."—Harvard Lampoon.

A MATTER OF PROOF.
HE (rejected).—Would you marry me if I had
a million?

SHE.—It would depend on the evidence.—
The Epoch.

A.—I hear that the ballet girls of Paris are
going to endow a hospital.

B.—And what is its patron saint?

A.—St. Vitus.—Yale Record.

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has n't he?

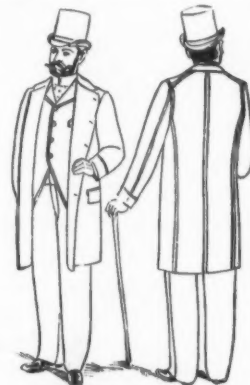
HE.—Yes. He's even got to dropping his
H's when he writes.—Kate Field's Washington.

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my friend, but you can't place it on him.—Yonkers States-
man.



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JACK.—What was this flower of knight-hood
we read about?

JIM.—Why, that must have been a pink of
politeness.—Yale Record.

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